THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 18, 1804.

Animated Narrative of Captain Hardinge, of the Scorpion, of his heroic Battle with the Atalante Dutch War Brig, dated April, 1804, addreſſed to his Father.

MY EVER DEAREST FRIEND,

I Am on my way to the Nore, after ſix days of ſevere, but unrepented fatigue, and have 60 Dutch priſoners on board: we are accompanied by the Atalante, a Dutch war brig, of 16 guns, prize to us. I was ordered on the 28th to reconnoitre at Vlie, and perceived a couple of the enemy's brigs at anchor in the roads. Deſpairing to reach them with my ſhip, on account of the ſhoals that ſurrounded the entrance, I determined upon a daſh at the outermoſt one in the boats, if a good opportunity could be made, or found. It came unſolicited March 31.

Preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the Beaver ſloop, who offered us her boats to act in concert with our's. We accepted the reinforcement, under an impreſſion that it would ſpare lives on both ſides, and would ſhorten the conteſt. At half paſt nine in the evening, we began the enterprize in three boats from the Scorpion, and in two from the Beaver. Captain Pelly (a very intelligent and ſpirited officer) did me the honour to ſerve under me as a volunteer in one of his boats. We had near 60 men, including officers, headed by your humble ſervant in the foremoſt boat. As we rowed with tide flood, we arrived along-ſide the enemy at half paſt eleven. I had the good fortune, or (as by ſome it has been conſidered) the honour, to be the firſt man who boarded her. She was prepared for us, with board-nettings up, and with all the other cuſtomary implements of defence. But the noiſe and the alarm, &c. ſo intimidated her crew, that many of them ran below in a panic, leaving to us the painful duty of combating thoſe whom we reſpected

the moſt. The decks were ſlippery in conſequence of rain, ſo that grappling with my firſt opponent, a mate of the watch, I fell, but recovered my poſition, fought him upon equal terms, and killed him. I then engaged the captain, as brave a man as any ſervice ever boaſted; he had almoſt killed one of my ſeamen. To my ſhame be it ſpoken, he diſarmed me, and was on the point of killing me, when a ſeaman of mine came up, reſcued me, at the peril of his own life, and enabled me to recover my ſword. At this time all the men were come from the boats, and were in poſſeſſion of the deck. Two were going to fall upon the captain at once. I ran up, held them back, and then adjured him to accept quarter. With inflexible heroiſm he diſdained the gift, kept us at bay, and compelled us to kill him; he fell, covered with honourable wounds. The veſſel was our's, and we ſecured the hatches, which, headed by a lieutenant, who has received a deſperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force. Thus far we had been fortunate; but we had another enemy to fight; it was the element. A ſudden gale, which ſhifted againſt us, impeded all the efforts we could make. But, as we had made the capture, we determined at all events to ſuſtain it, or to periſh. We made the Dutch below ſurrender, put forty of them into their own irons, and ſtationed our men to their guns; brought the powder up, and made all the neceſſary arrangements to attack the other brig. But as the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, ſhe was off at ſuch a diſtance, and in ſuch a poſition, that we had no chance to reach her. In this extremity of peril we remained eight and forty hours. Two of the boats had broke a-drift from us; two had ſwampt alongſide. The wind ſhifted again, and we made a puſh to extricate ourſelves, but found the navigation ſo difficult, that it required the intenſe labour of three days to accompliſh it. We carried the point at laſt, and were commended by the admiral for our perſeverance. You will ſee in the Gazette my letter to him. I aimed at modeſty, and am a little afraid that in the purſuit of this object I may have left material facts a little too indefinite, if not obſcure.

The Atalante's captain and four others were killed; eleven are wounded, and ſo dreadfully that our ſurgeon thinks every one of them will die. To the end of my exiſtence I ſhall regret the captain; he was a perfect hero; and, if his crew had been like him, critical indeed would have been our peril. The Atalante is larger than my veſſel; and ſhe mounted 16 long 12-pounders: we have not a ſingle brig that is equal to that calibre. Her intended complement was 200 men; but ſhe had only 76 on board. I expect your joy by the return of poſt.

P. S. In two days after the captain's death he was buried with all the naval honours in my power to beſtow upon him; during the ceremony of his interment, the Engliſh colours diſappeared, and

and the Dutch were hoiſted in their place. All the Dutch officers were liberated; one of them pronounced an *éloge* on the hero they had loſt, and we fired three vollies over him as he deſcended into the deep.

Ever affectionately, and gratefully your's,

GEO. N. HARDINGE.

Singular Rural Treat, given by J. C. Lettſom, M. D. on the Evening of May 23, 1804.

THIS fête, given by Dr. Lettſom, at Grove-hill, Camberwell, Surrey, well deſerves recording. About eight o'clock a ſuite of ſeven rooms was opened for the reception of a numerous aſſemblage of viſitors, who, for about ſix hours, without the aid either of muſic, ſinging, or cards, were very highly delighted. In this happy groupe were many of the firſt characters in law, phyſic, and divinity; men of the firſt eminence of various deſcriptions from the city; diſtinguiſhed philoſophers, and firſt-rate philanthropiſts; above all, an aſſemblage of females particularly remarkable for genuine beauty and unaffected elegance of dreſs.

The uncommonly curious variety of the doctor's valuable muſeum; the ſplendid collections of books in natural hiſtory, and other expenſive works of taſte and ſcience; the well-ſtored conſervatory of native and exotic plants; all thrown open for the comfort of his friends, left not a moment for *ennui*.

About eleven o'clock was thrown open a room which reflected the higheſt credit on the claſſic taſte of its deſigner, and included all the charms of the much-famed elyſium. It was forty-two feet long and thirty wide; and was erected in the garden purpoſely for this entertainment. The floor was entirely covered with carpeting; and the ceiling was ſecluded from the view by a judicious arrangement of boughs freſhly ſeparated from their parent trees and ſhrubs, and an ingenious ſprinkling of variegated lamps. The full-grown magnificent orange-trees had the appearance of ſupporters to the roof; and the tables were filled with every thing deſirable to the ſight or the palate: ſtrawberries ſtill growing on the living plants; iced creams of every ſort and flavour; rich jellies; confectionary of the moſt ingenious devices; many of the articles incloſing well-adapted poſies; with the more ſubſtantial diſhes of ham, veal, beef, &c. &c. in ſhort, ſuch an abundance of every delicacy, as left nothing either to be wiſhed or deſired. At the entrance of the room was a figure of Minerva holding a banner of white ſilk, fringed with gold, on which was neatly painted this addreſs:

" Ad Amicos.

From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
We've cull'd our friends of matchleſs worth:
And hither welcome are ye come,
Without the aid of *cards* or *drum*:
With mild philoſophy we'll pleaſe ye,
And try by magic to deceive ye;
Each copious ſource of ancient lore
We'll lay before you to explore;
And nature's gifts of various kind,
To gratify the enquiring mind.
Such our endeavours are to ſhew,
How much to friends like you we owe;
But, as the mind's inceſſant wear
The body cannot fail to ſhare,
Freely, we pray, its ſtrength recruit,
Nor ſpare our cakes, our wine, or fruit."

On a temple particularly dedicated to the beauties of the vernal ſeaſon:

" Here, void of art, ſee nature's hand beſtows
The rip'ning produce of the fruitful year.
Behold, the ſwelling fruit, the budding roſe,
The freſheſt hue of vernal bloom appear."

On another temple, emblematic of the natural effects of winter:

" Let not my icicle roof, or ſnow-drifted floor,
The near approach of my good friends forbid;
But the rather invite them to come to my door,
And ſee if ought there be in myſt'ry hid.
Though my winterly looks appear frozen and cold,
And the ices are ſo, which here I afford;
Yet judge of their flavour, nor your candour withhold,
But ſay to *your* taſtes which beſt does accord:
Whether ſtrawberry, raſpberry, cherry, or pine,
When with pure country cream they their juices combine."

By two in the morning the immenſe number of carriages had cleared off; and the happy family were left to the contemplation of the rational pleaſure they had afforded to more than 800 gueſts.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS *of* GENERAL MOREAU.

(Concluded from Page 471.*)*

THE Archduke John, now at the head of the imperial army, being flushed with these unexpected advantages, collected all his forces, and immediately marched in search of the republicans, whom he attacked in three columns with an unusual degree of vigour. The rival armies encountered each other on the 3d of December, at seven o'clock in the morning, between the rivers Iser and Inn, on the heights which extend from Bierkrain to Neuwark, and near to the very spot where the armistice had been concluded but a short time before.

A variety of circumstances contributed to render this action fatal to the Austrians: and it ought not to be omitted, that a severe fall of snow, early in the morning, prevented that regularity in point of operation which ought always to accompany a combined movement. But although this event deranged the original plan, it in no degree diminished the ardour of the combatants, who seemed insensible to the fury of the elements, so that victory appeared for a long time uncertain on which side she should declare.

But Moreau, who had anticipated the intentions of the Archduke, having ordered General Richepanse to assail the centre column in flank, at the moment it commenced an attack, this unexpected evolution produced great confusion; and the left one being pierced nearly at the same time, while that on the right encountered unexpected obstacles, the Imperialists were forced to retire at three o'clock in the afternoon. Moreau, equally dreadful in attack as in retreat, annoyed their march, and hung upon their rear with such perseverance and effect, that they were saved by the approach of night alone, from total destruction.

The battle of Hohenlinden appears to have been one of those calculated to decide the fate of an empire; for the greater part of the baggage, more than eighteen thousand prisoners, and near one hundred pieces of cannon, constituted the trophies of victory; while the enemy fled in disorder beyond the Inn, and carried with them terror and dismay.

As the French were no less fortunate in Italy, the situation of the Austrian monarchy was never so critical, even in the early part of the reign of Maria Theresa, as at this moment; for although the Archduke Charles had been recalled, and new subsidies granted under the name of a loan by Great Britain, had enabled the emperor to recruit the imperial armies, his fate appeared inevitable. The French, after the splendid victory of Hohenlinden, had, on the 25th of December, crossed the Inn and the Ips, and arriving at Steyer, in Upper Austria, were within seventeen leagues of Vienna, now menaced by no less

than

than four different generals. The Gallo-Batavian troops, under Augereau, at the ſame time approached the hereditary ſtates, by coaſting alone the Danube; Macdonald, in poſſeſſion of the mountains of the Tyrol, had the option of either deſcending into Italy or Germany; while Brune blockaded Mantua, and was ready to penetrate into the mountains of Carinthia, with a view to form a junction with Moreau.

Under theſe circumſtances, the imperial cabinet propoſed an armiſtice, which was, on the 25th of December, executed between the Archduke Charles, and General Moreau, at Steyer, and which, according to Moreau's expreſſion, "put it out of the power of the houſe of Auſtria to reſume hoſtilities." To procure a ſuſpenſion of arms, of only forty-five days, it was agreed that the Tyrol ſhould be wholly evacuated, and the forteſſes of Bruneau and Wurtzburgh delivered up to the French. Theſe conditions were certainly very hard, but they were the forerunners of a general pacification on the continent.

In this ſhort ſketch of Moreau's life, a more minute or detailed relation of all his brilliant military operations cannot be expected: what requires volumes to deſcribe, cannot be contained in a few pages.

General Moreau's younger brother is a tribune, and the only perſon of his family employed under the conſular government. As a reward for all his eminent ſervices, General Moreau enjoys no more than the half-pay of other general officers, 12,000 livres, or 500l. ſterling; and had he not married a lady with a large fortune, he would be another Cincinnatus, obliged to cultivate his own lands: becauſe, during his many campaigns, and numerous victories, although he ſometimes was forced to ſee and ſuffer the plunder of ſome of his generals and officers, he was never accuſed, nor even ſuſpected to ſhare it with them. On the contrary, he more than once puniſhed with rigour, or degraded with *eclat*, thoſe guilty of committing exceſſes or vexations, either by arbitrary requiſitions, by forced loans, or illegal contributions. In the ſummer, 1801, he degraded General Vandamme, and ſent him to the rear of his army;* and the chief commiſſary, Pommier, who, with Vandamme, had been guilty of exactions and extortions in Suabia, he ordered to be tried before a council of war, which condemned him to be ſhot.

This upright and generous conduct was a direct reproach to Bonaparte, who not only partook of the plunder with his generals, but diſtributed amongſt them provinces and cities to procure plunder;‡ and neither in Italy, nor in Egypt, were any of his

‡ This Vandamme is now one of Bonaparte's favourite generals, and his governor at Lille, he is the ſon of a barber, and was, before

his generals punished on this account, although any one of his soldiers who took by force the value of a sixpence, was shot on the spot without a trial.

Moreau was therefore as much respected by his officers as dear to his soldiers; whilst Bonaparte was despised by his officers and detested by his soldiers; and any one who, since the revolution, has studied the contemptible character of modern Frenchmen, by turns elevating vicious and worthless men into power, and sending worth and virtue to the scaffold, finds no contradiction or surprize in seeing an abhorred Corsican upon the throne, and a beloved general and Frenchman in obscurity and disgrace.

The writer of this has been Moreau's prisoner and guest; has associated with him in Germany, and in France, at Munich and Stutgard, at Paris and Grosbois; has been at his military parade when attended by all his generals, aides-de-camp, and officers; and at his table when surrounded by elegance, beauty, and fashion: he has seen him in his camps on the Rhine and the Danube, and at his balls and routs at Strasburgh and Paris; and he has always found him the same amiable, agreeable, modest, and unassuming man: although, at all times, in all places, and in all companies, a military enthusiast, whether in the society of ladies, or in a circle of officers, at the head of his table, or at the head of his army, leading his soldiers to battle, or handing a lady to dance; but so lively, amusing, and intermixed with anecdotes, is his conversation, that even French coquets have listened to it in preference to the flattery of their gallants.

To

the revolution, condemned to the gallows for house breaking, and was marked on his shoulders with a hot iron. In 1794, he sent to the guillotine the judge whose humanity had, in 1788, saved his life.

* In 1797, Augereau complained to Bonaparte, that by all his campaigns he had not yet made 100,000 crowns: soon after, when the Venetians rose against the French, during Bonaparte's march towards Leoben, Bonaparte, sent for Augereau, and told him to bring him his 100,000 crowns, and he would procure him means to gain a million or two. Augereau obeyed, and was made the president over the military tribunal erected at Verona to try the insurgents; and of five hundred Venetian nobles accused, only five perished, and of as many clergymen, only eight were shot: the former sold or pawned their estates to save their lives, and the latter sacrificed the treasure of their churches and saints, to avoid martyrdom by French atheists. One of Augereau's mistresses at Paris, Madam Chauvin, wears a diamond cross worth ten thousand Louis d'ors which formerly belonged to a Madona at Padua.

In three months time Augereau pocketed six millions, of which Bonaparte borrowed one million, which sum, Augereau says, he has forgot to repay.—" Les Novelles a la maine Ventos," an. xi. No. 5.

To an open and pleaſing countenance, he unites ſoft and inſinuating manners; and to the frankneſs of the ſoldier, he joins the becoming eaſe of the courtier, without the licentiouſneſs of the one, or the vices of the other. Frenchmen allow him the liberal good nature of a Turenne, to whom he is compared for his able tactics; and the vigour and patriotiſm of Henry IV. whom he reſembles as a ſkilful warrior.—They ſay that in his attacks he is a Guſtavus Adolphus and a Condé, and in his retreats a Xenophon and a Belleiſle.

All the reproach made againſt Moreau, even by his enemies, is, that he continued to ſerve the aſſaſſins of a father whom he dearly loved, and his ingratitude towards his friend Pichegru, whom he could not but greatly eſteem; but it may be ſaid, without fear of contradiction, or charge of partiality, that, with the ſingle exception of Pichegru, Moreau is the firſt, the ableſt, and the pureſt, of all the French republican generals, and the one to whom France is the moſt indebted, becauſe Melas loſt the battle of Marengo, whereas Moreau gained the battle of Hohenlinden,*

* It is the opinion of all French generals, that Melas loſt the battle of Marengo, but that Bonaparte did not gain it; that Melas was defeated by his own faults, but that Bonaparte was not victorious by his own talents or valour; and that he ſwindled Italy from Auſtria by the political incapacity of its commander, as much as by his military ignorance.

When the Auſtrian general, Count de St. Julian, carried the diſhonourable armiſtice of the 16th of June, 1800, accepted by Melas, to Bonaparte, the preſent French ambaſſador in Portugal, Laſnes, with other French generals, ſhewed Count de St. Julian the French camp; and in paſſing by two ſix-pounders, he ſaid to his companions, "Citizens! let us bow to thoſe cannons; they were the only two not in the power of our enemy when the late victory declared itſelf in our favour." The feelings of the Auſtrian on this occaſion muſt have been ſtronger than even the indelicate impudence of the Frenchman. "Hiſtoire ſecrete de la Bataille de Marengo, par un Chouan, page 12."

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

(Continued from Page 467.)

ON their return to Paris, the royal family were guarded by parties of thoſe very dragoons who had been ſtationed on the road for the purpoſe of eſcorting them on their way to

Montmedy. Theſe dragoons were ſo completely corrupted, that inſtead of liſtening to the dictates of duty, they openly gloried in the new part they had engaged to perform, and ſeemed to be delighted with the cries of "Succeſs to the brave dragoons!" *(Vivent Meſſieurs les dragons!")*—which never ceaſed to greet them all the way back to Chalons.

Sometimes indeed, was heard, although rarely, and faintly, the old ſound of "God ſave the king,"—*(Vive le roi)*: but on approaching Paris, that exclamation, once ſo grateful and congenial to a Frenchman, was no longer pronounced, but confined to the heart of a few.

The firſt victims of the atrocious fury of the miſguided populace, were ſome gentlemen travelling near Varennes. The mob inſulted and attacked them with ſuch violence, that it was afterwards reported ſome of them were actually murdered on the ſpot, and others who eſcaped alive ſoon after died of their wounds.

One of theſe unfortunate men, who ſeemed to be far advanced in age, was brought to the ground by the ſtroke of a ſcythe. As he lay expiring, he ſaid, "Death is now welcome, ſince I have ſeen my king in diſtreſs, and have it not in my power to aſſiſt him."

When the carriage arrived at St. Ménéhoud, leave could not be obtained for the poor Dauphin to be put to bed for a few hours, notwithſtanding the fatigues a child of his tender age had undergone, in paſſing ſeveral nights without reſt, at the ſame time that he was ſeriouſly ill with an aguiſh complaint.

But no conſideration for this poor infant, nor even the repeated orders of his majeſty, who was reſolved to endeavour to afford him ſome relief, had any effect on Baillon, the aid-de-camp of La Fayette.

He had, all the way from Varennes until the meeting with the deputies from the aſſembly at Paris, taken on himſelf the command of both the regulars and the national guards, and would ſuffer no delay. In this determination Baillon was admirably ſupported by the municipal officers or revolutionary magiſtrates of St. Ménéhoud; ſo that his Majeſty was compelled to proceed without halting to Châlons.

Near St. Ménéhoud, Count de Dampierre was obſerved following the king's carriage, at a diſtance of about four hundred paces, and was never at all ſo near as to ſpeak to the royal family, as has been often aſſerted. He rode ſome time by the ſide of a cabriolet, or two wheeled chaiſe, in which were two ladies of known attachment to the queen, and who narrowly eſcaped aſſaſſination on that account. Theſe ladies frequently adviſed M. de Dampierre to withdraw from the danger to which he was expoſed, and which ſoon came upon him. The vile inſtigators of the populace having, even in contradiction to their

own eyes, perſuaded them that Dampierre had actually had converſation with the king, it was the ſignal for inſulting, aſſaulting, and finally murdering, that unhappy officer.

During this tranſaction the other commanding officers, and all thoſe under them, remained perfectly inactive, and took no ſtep whatever to reſtrain the ſavage fury of the mob.

In order to eſcape from their rage, after being ſhot in ſeveral places, he made his horſe leap the ditch on the road ſide; but ſome national guards on horſeback ſoon came up to him, and literally hacked him in pieces.

With his mangled limbs each man of the party returned, and held them up to the royal family as trophies of their victory.

"*Vive la nation*" was on this occaſion triumphantly bellowed forth by the ferocious multitude.

An officer of the national guards, whoſe name M. de Mouſtier laments to have forgotten, young and well-looking, the ſon of a major in the army, who had received his commiſſion from the king prior to the revolution—this young *gentleman* preſented himſelf before the royal family, bearing the hat of poor Dampierre thruſt down on the blade of his ſword.

When the king's *gardes-du-corps*, who during the journey back to Paris were all ſeated on the coach-box, repreſented to this officer the indecency of ſuch conduct, eſpecially from *him*, whether it was from revenge on being reproved in the hearing of the multitude, and of thoſe under his command, or from a more than common meaſure of atrocity in his diſpoſition, it is of little importance to conſider, but, with a look and air of outrageous fury, he ſnatched the hat from his ſword, tore it in a hundred pieces, and ſcattered them among the crowd.

It muſt, however, be obſerved, for the honour of this young hero, that he was by no means ſingular; the greater part of the leaders of the populace on this occaſion giving evident ſigns of ſimilar diſpoſitions.

After a ſucceſſion of ſcenes of this nature the carriage at laſt arrived, late in the night, in the court-yard of the intendant's hotel at Chalons on the Marne.—Here the royal family alighted, in the midſt of a crowd of national guards, who by their language and behaviour ſhewed themſelves to be not a whit behind any of their companions in revolt and diſorder.

M. de Mouſtier, who with the other attendants had remained behind in the court to take out ſuch articles as were neceſſary for the royal family, and to lock the doors of the carriage, obſerved a paper work out of the queen's pocket, and fall on the ground, as ſhe alighted.

He inſtantly, as by accident, dropt one of the *ſacs-de-nuit* on the paper, and, in taking up the bag, ſecured the paper, unnoticed by the bye-ſtanders. This paper he reſolved to ſwallow,

low, rather than that it ſhould come into the hands of the multitude, who now talked openly of diſpatching him, and regretting that they had ſuffered his two companions to enter the hotel.

M. de Mouſtier was cruelly treated by this mob, but at length, through the darkneſs of the night, contrived to eſcape from their fury.

His ſafety was likewiſe owing to the circumſtance, that thoſe who preſſed the cloſeſt on him, were ſoon obliged to turn their ſabres againſt their companions behind them, to ward off from themſelves the blows intended againſt M. de Mouſtier.

The royal family, inceſſantly occupied about the ſafety of thoſe who were attached to their ſervice, had directed ſeveral perſons to endeavour to reſcue M. de Mouſtier; but when the hazards of ſuch an attempt are conſidered, he is not ſurprized that no one was able to execute the order.

Such was the kind anxiety of the royal family for M. de. Mouſtier, that they would not ſit down until he made his appearance in the houſe. His ſtruggle with the multitude without had continued ſo long, that on entering their apartment be found ſupper already ſerved up, and the royal family ſtanding by the table, in eager expectation of his arrival.

They naturally believed him to have been ſeverely wounded, as the blood flowed from his mouth, in conſequence of being thrown down and cruſhed by the people in the court, ſo as to bring on a violent diſcharge of blood from the breaſt.*

M. de Mouſtier, having aſſured their Majeſties that he had received no material injury, took up a plate and napkin, and placed himſelf behind the queen, to wait on her.†

A private man of the national guard, filled with admiration at the behaviour of the royal family to their ſervant, M. de Mouſtier, ſo different, no doubt, from what he had been taught to expect from theſe perſonages, came ſoftly up to M. de Mouſtier, and, his eyes filled with tears, ſaid to him, "How well do ſuch unfortunate maſters and miſtreſſes deſerve the reſpect and affection of all who approach them!"

* M. de Mouſtier is a tall, bony, athletic man; but even when he left London laſt, for Germany, in ſummer 1801, he continued to ſuffer ſeverely in his breaſt and lungs, and found his eye-ſight ſenſibly decayed, in conſequence of the cruelties he underwent on this and other occaſions, particularly on the arrival of the royal family in Paris from Varennes.—*Note of Editor.*

† It is proper, once for all to obſerve, that the three *gardes-du-corps*, during this journey, performed the duty of others attached by office to the royal family, but who, from the circumſtances of the times, were debarred from ſhowing their reſpect to their ſovereign, and executing their offices in perſon.

These genuine expressions of sensibility and compassion, on the part of a person of the lower ranks, excited such pleasure in the breast of M. de Mousticr, who until now had met with none who indicated any similar feelings, that he could not refrain from taking this national guard by the hand, and saying, in the hearing of all the crowd assembled, that he should be happy to drink once more a glass of wine with an honest worthy man, to the health and prosperity of his august master and his family. This national guard readily accepted the invitation, but refused to go to the supper-room until M. de Mousticr should be ready to accompany him, although the other persons of the company were already set down.

M. de Mousticr having at last finished his attendance on the queen at table, conducted his worthy guest to the supper-room, and placed him in a chair that happened to be unoccupied, next to Baillon, the commander of the whole party, and sate down himself in one just opposite to it. As it was very warm in this apartment, the first thing M. de Mousticr did was to offer to his guest a glass of wine, saying, " Come, Sir, let us drink to the health of our sovereign and his family. Who knows but that to-morrow I shall be torn in pieces. Happen, however, what may, if I shall not be so happy as to render them any good service, I shall have the satisfaction, at least, of dying in their cause. I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, for I have done what was my duty to them."

The smooth-tongued hero Baillon, modestly casting his eyes down on his plate, said, half aloud, " *It was not your duty.*"

M. de Mousticr, fixing his eyes stedfastly on Baillon, with an expression where, had the other dared to look at him, he might have seen the inmost workings of De Mousticr's soul, replied, with a firm tone, " Sir, it was, it is my duty; and not only mine, but that of every brave and honest man, faithfully to serve his king; as it is the part of a coward and a rascal to betray and abandon him. What I have done I am ready to do again, were it possible, this very instant."

Baillon, that he might not be any longer exposed to hear such language, immediately quitted the table, and drawing around him, at the other end of the room, a circle of the officers of the national guards, who had supped in the company, he began a long whining vindication of his conduct, enlarging on the zeal with which he had discharged his duty to the *nation*. M. de Mousticr, overhearing the conversation, went up to Baillon, and said, " It would, indeed, Sir, be a crying injustice to throw any suspicions on your zeal for the nation; for if mankind knew you as you ought to be known, they would be perfectly convinced how admirably qualified you are to serve even the refuse of the basest rabble."

From

From this time forth the *gardes-du corps* were relieved from the burthen of the company of the *tender-conscienced* Baillon.

(To be continued.)

A Father's Statement of a few extraordinary Facts relative to his Son, who had the Misfortune to be born Deaf.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THE perusal of your Weekly Entertainer for Monday, April 23, 1804, revives an idea I have long since conceived of laying before the public a few extraordinary facts, of some supposed importance and curiosity to the inquiring part of mankind: and as possibly it may be of some use to those who may happen to be particularly interested in the suggestion of those acquirements, which some deaf and dumb persons are capable of attaining, I no longer refrain from communicating a case very similar to to that described by Dr. Portal.

I have a son who, unfortunately, never knew the blessing of hearing; consequently, he could not articulate a word of language. I consulted many eminent medical gentlemen, and always had the satisfaction of being assured, that there was no defect whatever in his organs of speech: A short time, indeed, convinced me, that the whole impediment arose from his not being susceptible of sound. I had learnt that there were charitable foundations, solely directed to the humane purpose of conveying instruction to persons in his pitiable situation.

An anxious parent only can imagine how ardently I wished to get my son into such a seminary; but all my efforts for that desirable circumstance proving eventually unsuccessful, I applied myself more assiduously to his improvement, and I had soon the happiness of perceiving my humble endeavours attended with tolerable success. My son possesses, by nature, a most active imagination and strong memory; and I found little difficulty in making him conscious of his unfortunate privation of hearing. By strict attention to the motion of the mouth in speaking, he soon learnt to repeat the alphabet throughout with a tolerable clearness of pronunciation: He finds, however, some difficulty in pronouncing the letters C, H, K, R, X, and Z; but, in process of time, he learnt to articulate the usual forms of address to parents, to accidental company, or to strangers, very distinctly: he also learnt to read in a much more limited period than would be supposed; he can now, also, go through a chapter in the Bible very intelligibly, and has tolerably clear notions of a Supreme Being, and of rewards and punishments after death; Whenever he sees examples of vice and immorality, he beholds

beholds them with horror; and, eſpecially, if he ſees perſons intoxicated, he calls them fools, and appears to have conſiderable agitations of mind. He can ſpell and divide, very properly, almoſt any word in the Engliſh books of inſtruction for the uſe of ſchools.

I next taught him writing and arithmetic, in both of which he has made a moſt ſurpriſing proficiency, and is very uſeful to me in the ſituation I now hold. He can imitate ſeveral different ſpecimens of hand-writing tolerably well: He acquired arithmetic (after I had taught him the rudiments of it) with rapidity, and with little trouble to me; he ſtated his own queſtions from an author, and went through the operations with ſurpriſing quickneſs. He now writes muſic, is copying ſome of the chorus's from Handel's Meſſiah, and does it with ſo much neatneſs that it is very little inferior to print, and withal very expeditiouſly; and if he finds too much or too little time in a bar, he points it out to me, and aſks leave, by words and geſtures, to correct it, which, when permiſſion is granted, he does in a very proper manner, and then proceeds.

At the ſame time I muſt own, that a perſuaſion has ever reſted on my mind, that he does not conceive the full meaning of language in general; and I much wiſh, that I could receive any hint which would enable me to bring him to underſtand language ſo fluently as the perſon deſcribed by Dr. Portal appears to have done.

I am confident, from my ſon's quickneſs of apprehenſion and deſire of improvement, that much could ſtill be done for him, although he is now twenty years old; but circumſtances, unfortunately, and to my great regret, prevent my procuring him that aſſiſtance which his unfortunate ſituation claims. Therefore, whilſt I am dwelling on this peculiarly intereſting ſubject, may I be allowed to make an appeal to thoſe poſſeſſed of humanity, and bleſſed with the power of gratifying that ſublime ſenſation of the heart?

By ſuch it may be imagined how anxiouſly I have looked forward to the future eſtabliſhment of my child, in ſome way that might prevent him from falling a prey to poverty, and ſtill heavier misfortunes, when (having loſt his tender mother, one of the beſt of women, ſeven years ſince,) he may hereafter be entirely deprived of the well-known guidance and cheriſhing ſupport of parental attentions.

But, alas! no proſpect, that could in any degree leſſen my anxieties on his account, has ever preſented itſelf. A regard to his morals, which, I moſt fervently hope and truſt, will continue uncontaminated, has influenced me to reſtrain him within the moſt limited bounds of ſociety: And to that motive may alſo be attributed my having declined the advice of apprenticing him to any mechanical buſineſs, ſince his health became ſuch as

not to allow of a laborious employment, viz. from an idea that inſtead of extracting good out of evil, he would be liable not ſufficiently to comprehend the good qualities, and too eagerly to catch the imperfections, of the beſt examples, which might be ſet before him.

From being fixed in a very obſcure ſituation his caſe has never been ſo generally known as it deſerves to be. This attempt, humble as it undoubtedly is, being conſiſtent with the moſt perfect veracity (for which I can give moſt reſpectable references), will, in ſome meaſure, relieve me from a very painful reflection, as I have long felt convinced, that it was my duty to implore that aſſiſtance for my ſon, which ſome generous and well-judging Chriſtians may feel inclined to beſtow.

That his misfortunes will be univerſally compaſſionated I am willing to perſuade myſelf; and I will likewiſe preſume to cheriſh a hope, that they will not hereafter remain entirely without alleviation.

I have to requeſt, Sir, you will give this a place in your weekly publication as ſoon as poſſible; there being no better medium within my reach, whereby to make known ſo intereſting a caſe.

Allow me to remain, with the greateſt reſpect,
Sir,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

Millbrook, near Plymouth Dock, May 28, 1804.

IMPROVEMENTS *in the* MANAGEMENT *of* BEES.

MR. SAMUEL BEST, of Bridport, having for many years paſt directed the greateſt part of his time and attention to the ſtudy of the apiary, has, from his own obſervation and experience, been enabled to diſcover the four following improvements relative to the management of bees:—

The firſt is an improvement on the manner in which they are kept in common hives.

The ſecond is with reſpect to the manner of keeping them in boxes or flat hives.

The third diſcovers how bees loſe their queens, what time of the year they loſe them, and how to diſcover when they are loſt, the knowledge of which will be of great uſe to all who keep bees.

The fourth is a method whereby any perſon can take away honey or wax, at any time, without injuring or moving the bees.

Laſt ſeaſon Mr. S. Beſt took away, by his new method, thirty-four pounds from one ſwarm of bees, and they are now in as healthy a ſtate as they were this time laſt year, and bid fair to yield him an equal, or greater quantity, this ſummer.

N. B.

N.B. It is rather aſtoniſhing that wax taken away by this new method is perfectly white.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE faſhion of rough neck-handkerchiefs, from two to three and four rows, inſtead of having paſſed away, is become general. That of *Pelerenis* ſtands its ground; but they have not all a plaited trimming. The moſt elegant women wear them, with only a flat hem, or edged with a narrow device. The ſmall bonnets, of clear-ſtarched muſlin, with a frizzed trimming, have not ceaſed to be faſhionable. The yellow ſtraw hats are more in uſe than thoſe of white ſtraw. There are five or ſix different ſhades of yellow, but the ſtraw is always very fine. Almoſt all the hats, as well as capotes, are without any leaf upon the neck. The hats are generally trimmed with dark blue ribbon. We obſerve ſome hats compoſed entirely of white and dark blue ribbons, or Egyptian earth and jonquil; Egyptian earth and apple green ſtitched alongſide each other. The hats of neweſt taſte have the crown of pale roſe taffeta, or apple green, and the band of ſtitched ſtraw; not croſſways, as uſual, but lengthways. We alſo notice a great many capotes of perkale, with a very ſmall crown cut in a beak before. Theſe hats are faſtened with ribbons of cotton ſtitched upon each ſide, or with two bands of perkale long enough to knot upon the top of the head, after having paſſed under the chin. Within theſe few days have appeared robes and ſhawls of peach flower. This new colour is a very pale roſe, inclining to lilac. Notwithſtanding the warmth of the weather, the ſlippers are ſtill attached with ribbons, which knot upon the ancle. The moſt faſhionable colours for ſlippers are lilac, apple green, peach flower, or nankin. Nankin ſtockings are worn with the latter. Spring has baniſhed the metal diadems, which are ſucceeded by crowns of flowers. They are worn two at a time; one upon the band, the other beneath. Some hats with a double crown are made of black ſtraw. The roſes are yellow, or of the natural colour, and the ribbons are always of the colours of the crown. For men's coats, dark blue is not uſed; but a bright blue inclining to violet and blooms. This is, at the preſent moment, the moſt diſtinguiſhed colour; the ſleeves are not ſo wide, and are leſs plaited above than uſual. The waiſt of a man's coat reſembles the corſet of a lady, very narrow upon the ſhoulders, thick plaited, and diſplaying gracefully the fall of the loins. The waiſt of the coat is, at the preſent moment, the touchſtone of the elegance of a *petit maitre*. His ſpring undreſs is pantaloons, of middling width, of nankin or green cotton, a parafol hat, a very ſhort coat, thread or ſilk ſtockings, with open clocks, and ſlippers with very long quarters.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to T. Rutger's Rebus, inſerted April 16.

ON Thames's banks how fine to view
Are the delightful ſcenes of KEW!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. E. and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and P. Gove, R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to J. French's Charade, inſerted April 23.

FRIENDSHIP, fair goddeſs! calm and kind,
Shed thy bleſt influence on mankind!

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, W. Strong, Strap, W. Commins, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer. by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to Oliver Cromwell's Rebus, inſerted April 23.

SHALL Britons fear the nutſhell bubble,
Gallia's weak FLAT-BOTTOMED BOATS?
No: never ſhall it cauſe us trouble,
Or blot our ancient honours out.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; W. Bickham, jun. and J. E. of Aſhburton; R. Holwell, W. Strong, Strap, and W. Commins, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and T. Rutger, of Clowance.

A CHARADE, *by J. E. of Aſhburton.*

MY firſt is a beaſt of very great uſe;
My next will a part of a river produce;
My whole is a place that is very well known,
Where learning has ſtation'd her elegant throne.

A CHARADE, *by J. Channon, of Ottery.*

NEAR yonder cot, where rural ſcenes abound
My firſt doth ſpread its numerous branches round;
See the fair trees, where birds delightful ſing,
In lovely bloom, from which my next doth ſpring:
The parts, kind Sirs, I pray may be combin'd,
And then my whole you'll quickly bring to mind.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

BLEST is my firſt, when he doth lead
An uncorrupted life;
And who was never yet afraid
Of any thing but ſtrife.
For he that doth in it delight,
Can ne'er my next obtain;
For there it is that angels bright,
And ſeraphims do reign:
May you, my friends, when death doth call,
Then take poſſeſſion of my whole.

Anſwer, by Strap, of Exeter, to W. Gifford's Charade, inſerted April 23.

HAIL, WEDLOCK, hail! true ſource of innate joy!
May care or ſorrow ſeldom thee annoy!
But thy pure flame e'er warm the noble ſoul,
And be rever'd by all from pole to pole.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Skinner, of Tamerton Follior; J. E. R. Mudge, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Whicker, W. Strong, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; and T. Rutger, of Clowance.

Anſwer, by R. Holwell, of Exeter, to J. Paſcal's Charade, inſerted April 30.

GAMING's a vice of horrid mien,
Which much deforms the human ſcene.

A CHARADE, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

NEAR to ſome diſtant hill my firſt is ſeen;
My fruitful next appears in lovely green:
Often acroſs my beauteous whole I ſtray,
To hear the warblers chant their morning lay.

A CHARADE, *by R. Mudge, of Aſhburton.*

A Term in muſic firſt tranſpoſe,
My firſt, ye bards, you'll then diſcloſe;
My next the neighing ſteed reſtrains,
When haſt'ning to th' embattl'd plains:
Quite ſportive on yon verdant plain,
My harmleſs whole you there may gain.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Geve, of Exeter.*

WHERE rave the roaring blaſts and billowy flood,
And where the wild fowl lodge, and rear their brood;
Where craggy cliffs and ponderous rocks ariſe,
And lift their tow'ring heads towards the ſkies,
I thrive, and there in youthful bloom am found,
With lovely verdure I am often crown'd.
But what avails! Alas! for ſordid gain!
Bold man the dangerous heights doth oft obtain
In ſearch of me, ſuſpended in the air,
'Twixt heaven and earth th' adventurers appear;
Well pleas'd he views me with his longing eyes,
And oft in triumph bears me as his prize.
But ſad reverſe! oftimes for ſake of me
The bold adventurer's plung'd into the ſea;
Hurl'd from thoſe heights upon the pebbly ſhore,
Alas he falls! from thence to riſe no more;
Or wounded on the craggy cliff he lies,
Remote from aid, a bleeding victim dies.
Such are the ſcenes, and ſuch events await
On thoſe who try to approach my rocky ſeat;
With one hint more I'll cloſe my myſtic theme,
Know at the table I am often ſeen.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On the Death of Rolla, a young Pointer.

SINCE both the ſquirrel, and old Tray,
Were honour'd with an elegy,
It obviouſly muſt follow,
That 'twould be thought a cruel thing,
Should I refuſe a ſtave to ſing
In memory of ROLLA.

"What give a *dog* a burial ſong"—
(Some fool exclaims), "'tis vaſtly
"wrong,
"And from all reaſon ſwerving!"
"No:" I reply, "The poet's ſtrains,"
"Full many a *two-legg'd puppy* gains,
"Tho' leſs, by far, deſerving."

Ah Rolla! much did I admire
Thy ſlender form, and youthful fire,
Such gaiety expreſſing;
And little thought that wild diſeaſe,
Could make thee, in a few ſhort days,
An object ſo diſtreſſing.

I fondly hop'd, amidſt the fields,
To taſte the joys that ſporting yields,
Thy early ſkill commending;
And fancy oft has pictur'd thee
A pointer of the firſt degree,
My devious ſteps attending.

But ere the wiſh'd for ſeaſon came
To ſtart, with thee, the artful game,
In ſilent cover ſeated;
Fate grimly *pointed* at thy heart,
And death, with his unerring dart,
The cruel deed compleated.

A few ſhort months alone have fled,
Since taken from thy native bed,
A little friſking figure,
I ſmil'd to ſee thy mirthful play,
And mark'd thee, each ſucceſſive day,
Increaſe in ſize and vigour.

But ſoon, alas! thy health decay'd,
And on the lap of anguiſh laid,
Thy youthful frolics ended;
I heard thee labour hard for breath,
And ſaw thee on the bed of death,
A ſenſeleſs corpſe extended.

The roſe-tree thus, at dawn of ſpring,
Refreſh'd by zephyr's balmy wing,
A matchleſs charm diſcloſes;
'Till when the ſullen tempeſt lours,
The winds exert their icy pow'rs,
And blight the budding roſes.

But ceaſe, O muſe! thy ſolemn ſtrain,
Thoſe mournful numbers are in vain,
And vain is all my ſorrow;
Some warning ſpirit ſeems to ſay
That, what poor Rolla is to day
We all may be to-morrow.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO LAVINIA.

DULL winter leaves our native iſle,
With all his train of ſtorms and ſhow'rs,
Whilſt ſpring reſumes her wonted ſmile,
And ſtrews each verdant path with flow'rs.

Far from the city's buſy throng,
With thee, Lavinia, let me rove,
To hear the early warbler's ſong,
And imitate their tender love.

In vain ſhall Flora paint the lea;
In vain the zephyrs ſcent the air;
No charms can nature boaſt for me,
If thou, Lavinia, art not there.

Then haſte, my fair, ere ſpring re-
treats,
Along the vale, and thro' the grove,
And form with me a wreath of ſweets,
To decorate the ſhrine of love.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

The Witch of Lapland; written before a late Storm, and being partly an Imitation of Gray's "Deſcent of Odin."

UPROSE the fiend of Gaul with ſpeed,
And ſeiz'd his fiery-footed ſteed,
And over ſea and land he flew,
'Till near the witch's den he drew.
The lofty rock, the gloomy cave,
Echo'd to Finland's roaring wave;
And far within the fiend's abode
That rules the blaſt and rides the flood,
"Give me a wind," the demon cry'd,
To ſweep the broad Atlantic ſide,
And drive away the Britiſh train,
That block our ports, and guard the
main.

A ſtorm, a ſtorm, to ſcour the ſea,
And claim a noble gift from me!
Grant me a ſtorm, and name your price,
My vot'ry gives me large ſupplies."

WITCH.

" Tell what my reward ſhall be,
Before my whirlwinds ſcourge the ſea."

DEMON.

" Phials of tears I will beſtow,
By matrons ſhed in deepeſt woe;
And cinders ſwept from burning towns,
And jewels reft from plunder'd crowns.
A trampled croſs, a ſacred bowl,
Pledge of a renegado's ſoul;
And if you to my pray'r incline,
That ſoul-benumbing plant is thine,
Grafted on the Cyrnean* yew,
Foſter'd with Tartarean dew.
Nay, if you the blaſt unbind,
A nobler gift ſhall ſoothe your mind.
A mitre, by a prelate worn,
Who gave his creed to public ſcorn;
And here it is, on vellum fair,
In letters blue his backward prayer,
When his dire ſpells the magian hurl'd
Againſt the guardian of the world.
This ſcarf is dyed in infant's blood,
Shed by its ſire in furious mood;
When, robb'd by Gaul, with frenzy wild,
Famine to ſhun, he ſtabb'd his child.
The maiden that this girdle wore,
Lies pale and ſtiff on Weſer's ſhore;
To ſhun the Gaul's infuriate chace
She choſe the water's cold embrace.
And ſee what Gallic love beſtows,
Impartial boon to friends and foes;
Thoſe ſcales that weigh with even poiſe
Plagues, or bleſſings in diſguiſe."

WITCH.

" Give me all thy plunder'd ſtore,
That croſs and kerchief ſtained with gore,
But ſomewhat ſtill you muſt reſign,
Before the hurricane be thine:
A warrior's hand I muſt obtain,
Unmatch'd in combats of the main;
This martial hand, in battle loſt,
Alone can free your cumber'd coaſt;
And you the precious bones muſt find,
Wherever borne by wave or wind.
This charmed hand muſt be my prize
Spreading to gigantic ſize;
And, nerv'd anew by magic lays,
The anchor's magnitude can raiſe.
Fa e and France the boon demand,
'Tis Neptune's gift—'tis Nelſon's hand."

* Old name of Corſica.

" I know the hand, I hate the name,"
The fiend reply'd, with eyes of flame,
And ſeaward ſoon he took his flight,
Borne on the dragon wing of night.
And oft he ſearch'd the ſea-wolf's jaw,
And oft the ſhark's voracious maw;
At length a ſhatter'd arm he found,
And bore to Lapland's ſtormy bound.

The crone her crimſon flag unfurl'd,
Dread ſignal to the vap'ry world;
And ſoon her elves, with ſullen tune,
Drew a dim halo round the moon.
Loud and long the tempeſt blew,
Uptackle ran the gallant crew:
The navy furl'd her ſails in haſte,
Half yielding to the furious blaſt.
But mightier powers had rendered vain
The compact of the helliſh train.
And ſoon like eagles ſcatter'd far,
By the rude rage of windy war,
The ſquadrons rallied to their poſt,
Lining with fate the trembling coaſt.

Storming with rage, the demon find
The grey commandreſs of the winds,
And loud with furious words aſſail'd,
Demanding why her magic fail'd
" Alas!" the beldam cry'd, and ſhook
Her ſides with laughter as ſhe ſpoke,
" My friend, you quite miſtook my meaning,
Dead fingers from the ocean gleaning.
That hand I meant is active ſtill;
And He that baffles all our ſkill,
Defend's from ev'ry chance of war
That member with peculiar care.
But, for the ſpoils you and your chief
Gave me a treaſure paſt belief,
They ſhall be paid, by Hell I vow,
With tenfold uſury below.

Rathfriland. H. BOYD.

BEAUTY.

[From the Portugueſe of Camoens.]

THY lovely charms, celeſtial maid,
All hearts with eaſe ſubdue;
Surpaſſing ev'n a poet's thought,
And as myſterious too.

What lips audacious, vain, and raſh,
Shall dare to ſing thy worth;
Thy num'rous ſweets, that open here,
A paradiſe on earth.

O! I can ne'er the theme attempt,
In ſtrain or good or bad;
Since when I ſee thee, I am dumb—
And, when I do not, mad!

emple.